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LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
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THE MAID OF ORLEANS

THE MAID OF ORLEANS

BY

ROBERT HUGH BENSON

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
GABRIEL PIPPET

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON
NEW YORK, BOMBAY, AND CALCUTTA
1911

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ACTING EDITION, *Fcp.* 8*vo*, *published Dec.* 1910.
ILLUSTRATED EDITION, *Cr.* 8*vo*, *Oct.* 1911.

SCENES

I. The Courtyard of Joan's House at Domrémy
II. A Court in Orléans
III. A Chapel in Rheims Cathedral
IV. A Room in Prison at Rouen
V. Market-Place at Rouen

AUG 9 1934

MUSIC

Overture (*pastoral*)

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Scene I.—*Country Song: flutes: followed by same air*
Ave Maria
Entr'acte (*martial*)

Scene II.—*Soldiers' drinking song* (*men's voices*)
(*Bell chorus*)
Te Deum
Entr'acte (*ecclesiastical*)

Scene III.—(*Bell chorus*)
During Tableau.—*Veni Creator*
Entr'acte (*mournful*)
Ave Maria (*as in Scene I.*)
"Pange Lingua"
Entr'acte (*Dies Iræ*)

Scene IV.—"*Dies Iræ*" (*men's voices*)
Tableau—*Ave Maria*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

JOAN

HAUVIETTE, MENGETTE, BIBETTE, TWO BOYS — *Companions of Joan*

HER FATHER

1ST SOLDIER

2ND SOLDIER

ST. MICHAEL, ST. CATHERINE, ST. MARGARET — *Apparitions*

A PRIEST

A CITIZEN

A CAPTAIN

A SENTRY

1ST SACRISTAN

2ND SACRISTAN

A SECRETARY

ARCHBISHOP OF REIMS

BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS

LADVENU (*A Priest*)

A DOMINICAN

A PREACHER (*Nicolas Midi*)

BAILIFF OF ROUEN

SOLDIERS, CITIZENS, WOMEN, &C.

SCENE I

SCENE.—*Court outside the house of* JOAN'S *father.* (R.), *a roof projecting from house on pillars of wood. The house* (R.) *has window and door, up.* (C.), *an archway of plain stone, through which are seen green shrubs, grass and foliage.* (L.), *the side of a wooden barn. A table with a stool stands under verandah. Time, evening, July.*

As curtain draws up on empty stage, the sound of voices singing, unaccompanied, a country song, with flutes

now and then between the verses, rises, comes nearer, and gradually dies away. Then, suddenly, enter through archway, running, HAUVIETTE, MENGETTE, BIBETTE, *and* TWO BOYS. *The girls have hair loose and cut short, short skirts; boys in tunics, all barefooted.* BOYS *stand at back, skylarking, leap-frog, &c.* HAUVIETTE *goes up to house-door and taps.* [*Now and then during the scene, very faint dance-music sounds in distance.*] MENGETTE *beside* HAUVIETTE. BIBETTE *waits sulkily by archway.*

HAUV. (*listening*).

Joan, Joan; come out; we want you.

BIB. (*peevishly*).

What's the good?
I told you so. Let's make haste to the wood,
And join the dance.

HAUV. (*still listening*).

No, no . . . what's that you say?
O Joan, make haste; there'll be no time to play . . .
Well, well; we'll wait a bit.

BIB.

Oh! let her go—
She's grown so solemn.

HAUV. (*still listening*).

No, I tell you . . . No . . .

She'll come directly.

[HAUV. *comes forward to table and sits down; she slips off a daisy wreath and begins to arrange it.* MENGETTE, *standing, helps.* BOYS *leap-frog. Music.*

BIB.

Yes; but what's the fun

Of playing here? And now that they've begun

Up at the Fairies' tree . . .

MENG.

Why, you can go!

We'll wait for Joan.

HAUV.

Yes; and we'll make this row

Of daisies.

BIB.

What's the good? You know how dull

And stupid Joan has grown: her head's just full

Of saints and bells, and—[*comes down excitedly*]—I say, did you hear

What father said he saw i' the spring o' the year

Just in the meadow there?

HAUV.

No; was it Joan?

BIB.

[*Sits on the table;* BOYS *come to hear. Confidentially.*

Well, he was coming home one night alone
Just before sunset—[*glances at house*]—through the meadow there
[*Points.*] There, it was there! And as he came up where
The trees are thickest, there he saw a light
Just for a minute, out there, on his right.

HAUV. (*interested*).

Yes? . . .

BIB.

Well, I'm telling you . . . It was all white
And red, like fire, and he was frightened. [*Pause.*

MENG.

Well,
And is that all?

BIB. (*peevish*).

I wish you'd let me tell
It as I like . . . At first it seemed, he said,

Like fire, or fairies . . . Lovely ! . . . White and red
All in a blaze . . . He stood all mazed, he said.
Until at last . . . [*Deliberately.*

HAUV. (*impatient*).

Oh ! . . .

BIB.

That's not nearly all . . .
Then suddenly he thought he heard a call
Of voices, like . . . like gentle trumpets, near
Beside him ; in the air it seemed, he said—
Just where the light shone brightest—white and red—
And then . . . he said . . .—[*laughing*]—it was no light at all
But just the blossom of the May.

HAUV. (*excited*).

The call
Of voices ! What was that ?

BIB. (*swinging*).

Why, nothing else
But Ave Mary ringing ; and the bells
They mazed him up, he said, to think he heard
A call of voices, speaking word by word—
Then all together.

HAUV.

Pooh! . . .

BIB. (*indignant*).

But that's not all!
Just as he burst out laughing, by the wall
He thought he saw that something moved.

1ST BOY (*bursting out*).

A rat!

BIB.

No, silly boy!

2ND BOY.

A dog!

1ST BOY.

Well then, a cat!

BIB.

You little simpletons!

HAUV.

But tell us!

BIB.

Well,
Will you all promise—[*finger up*]—. . . promise not to tell?

ALL.

Yes, yes.

[*They gather closer.*

BIB.

But she'd be angry! I don't dare
To say a word to her . . . Well—[*impressively*]—just . . .
down . . . there
Her face all white! . . . her eyes afire! . . . alone! . . .
Staring and listening . . . kneeled . . . my lady Joan! . . .

HAUV.

I don't believe it!

BIB. (*jumping off table*).

Well then, ask her.

MENG.

No;
Don't say a word!

HAUV.

Why not?

MENG. (*uncomfortably*).

It's weeks ago!
We'd best say nothing.

BIB.

Well; I say 'twas she
Staring! . . . just like a nun in ecstasy
Or some such nonsense . . . and . . . and all to see
Nothing but bells and blossoms.

HAUV.

I don't care.
I don't believe it. Ask her if you dare!
You're not afraid of Joan!

BIB. (*defiantly*).

We'll ask her then.
I'm not afraid!

MENG.

No, no!

BIB.

I say again
'Twas Joan! 'twas Joan!

HAUV.

Well, ask her. Now's the chance.
I hear her coming. Then we'll go and dance. [*Rises.*

[*Enter* JOAN *with broom, sweeping, from door. Dressed in russet skirt, and blouse. She is very grave, and makes no greeting. A pause. They eye her.*

HAUV.

Well, Joan, you've come . . .—[*uncomfortably*]—I say;
Bibette told me
Just now— .

MENG. (*starting forward*).

No, no! Don't ask her. Let her be!

HAUV.

Nonsense, I say! . . . Bibette here wants to know—

BIB. (*shrinking*).

No, no! It's nothing . . . Come, come; let us go;
It's getting late: the Ave rings at seven.

HAUV.

But . . .

BIB. (*hastily*).

We'll have time for that up there in heaven
That Joan's so fond of . . . Come! to play, to play!
We'll talk of that sometime—another day.
They're waiting.

HAUV. (*impatiently*).

Oh! all right!—[*to* JOAN, *who looks at her*]—Come, dear
. . . Why, Joan,
It's only just to dance!

BIB.

Leave her alone !

She spoils all sport.

MENG. (*deprecating*).

No, no ! . . . You'd rather walk
A little, Joan—Now wouldn't you ? . . . and talk
Of saints and angels : that's the best.

BIB. (*sneeringly*).

I said
She'd never come. And here are we, instead
Of dancing, dawdling all the time away.
That comes of being pious !

HAUV. (*angrily*).

I dare say
You know a lot about it, young Bibette ! . . .

BIB.

Well, well, I'm off. Good-night, Joan ! Don't forget
Your beads, and *De Profundis*, and your prayers,
And all your pious nonsense.

[*Exit dancing, with* BOYS, *to arch ; but reappears.*

HAUV. (*indignantly*).

How she dares
To talk like that! . . . Well, Joan, I'm going too;
And you won't come?

JOAN.

I must not.

HAUV. (*to* MENG.).

And for you?
You'll come on presently?

JOAN.

No, go with her,
Mengette. I've got the yard to sweep, and then—

BIB. (*sneering*).

And then! And then! Her prayers to say again!
Over and over!

MENG. (*going slowly*).

And you won't come, Joan?

JOAN.

No, no, my dear. Leave me. I'm best alone

[*Dance-music breaks out. The three girls link arms and dance out,* MENGETTE *looking*

back. TWO BOYS *caper after them. Exeunt through arch* (R.). JOAN *begins to sweep yard; she stops now and then to listen. Then, as music dies away, enter* FATHER, *arch* (R.), *carrying axe and bag.* FATHER *is oldish, grey, bent, in old countryman's clothes.*

FATH.

Hey, hey! my dear. Not gone? I met the rest,
And thought that you'd be with them.

JOAN.

No, it's best
To finish first; and then perhaps—

FATH.

My Joan—[*sitting, putting down things*]—
You never go up now.

JOAN.

I'm best alone—
I've got a deal to think of.

FATH.

Well, well, well!
Girls will be girls—[*stretches*]—Ah! but I've worked a spell

To-day, up in the forest . . . Here, my lass,
Fetch me a pot of wine: for, by the mass!—
I'm well-nigh parched to death. And while you sweep—
[*Exit* JOAN; *and returns with wine.*
I'll tell a tale I've heard—to make you weep—
Aye, and all France besides.

[*He drinks; wipes mouth with sleeve. During his talk* JOAN *sweeps, but stops to listen.*

JOAN.

Well, father dear?

FATH.

Aye, aye, the tale! . . . Well, Pierre, the woodsman here
Up in Domrémy—met me as I came
Down by the meadows—down there—Yes, the same
That's got a son at college—young Jeannot—
They say he'll make a doctor yet, if so
He minds his book. Old Pierre was telling me
A deal about him—aye, Philosophy,
Greek, Scripture, Hebrew, Latin. I'll go bail
He'll beat 'em all at college.

JOAN.

But the tale?

FATH.

Aye, aye. I'm coming to 't. Well, old Pierre there,
[*Drinks again.*
Met me as I came down the fields, just where
Old Meuse is narrow . . . Aye, the Meuse. I say
There'll be a heavy flood there some fine day,
If they don't mind it; by the Holy Nail
Of Tours itself!

JOAN.

But, father dear, the tale!

FATH.

Aye, aye; the tale . . . Well, Pierre, he says to me . . .
He's ageing sorely. Aye, all bent is he
In two, with chills and ague. . . .

JOAN.

Father, dear . . .

FATH.

Aye, aye . . . Well, Pierre, he says to me up there,
After we'd talked a bit, that this here town—
Town . . . what's-his-name . . . town . . .

JOAN (*excitedly*).

Orléans . . .

FATH.

Aye! that's down
In middle France—that that's besieged . . .

JOAN (*quickly*).

I know!

FATH.

The folks were talking of it, long ago;
And said as how the English—rat 'em all!—
Were near to take it, batter down the wall
And hang the folks inside. And now they say
'Tis trouble everywhere; and all the way
From here to Orléans, and all the land
Is full of trouble . . . [*Shakes head.*

JOAN.

Yes; I understand . . .

FATH.

And all the pigs are taken for the men,
And all the cows be milked; and then again
The harvest's trampled down . . .

JOAN.

Yes, yes!

FATH. (*banging table*).

I say,
'Tis shame our Lord allows it! By my fay,
We Christians suffer worst of all.

JOAN.

No, no . . .
A Christian ought to suffer—

FATH.

Weal or woe,
'Tis all the same to God. He sits up there—

JOAN.

No, father, no!

FATH.

'Tis so, 'tis so, I swear.
As for these Englishmen, they're brutes, not men!
Swine-faced, ox-footed! . . . Why, I tell you, when
Old Pierre was down to Reims he saw them then.
Each had a horn or two; and this a snout;
And that sow's-eyes. Old Pierre says, such a rout
Of hogs and asses never did he see!
'Twas not for these our Saviour rode the Tree!
No; they're no Christians!

JOAN.

Father! . . .

FATH.

And the King!

JOAN (*starting, clasping her hands*).

Ah! yes; the King . . . [*Joan stands rapt.*

FATH.

Why, there's another thing
The English—rot 'em all! . . . Why, where's his crown?
And where's his sacring? . . . Why, there's not a town,
Or village either, deems him King of France
Till that he's crowned! I'd lead 'em such a dance
These English hogs, if I but had my way! [*Drinks.*

JOAN (*moving slowly up, rapt*).

The King! . . . The King! . . . My Voices! . . .

FATH.

What d'you say?
I cannot hear you . . . Yes, no hope for King
Or Faith or Country: aye, nor anything
Till that he's crowned. And that can never be
Till these here folks are drownded in the sea.
[*Drinks again.*

JOAN (*as before*).

The King! . . . My Voices! . . .

[*Two voices* (*altos*) *heard singing soldier's song.*

FATH.

Why, then, who comes here? [*Goes up, looks out* (R.).
'Tis soldiers . . . two of 'em.

JOAN (*suddenly waking*).

Look, father dear!
'Tis soldiers . . . soldiers . . .

FATH.

Aye, they're on their way
To fight these English oxen, I dare say.

JOAN.

They're coming this way!

[*Starts back, clings to* FATHER, *terrified and fascinated. Enter two soldiers—tunics, caps, pikes; one a bow and arrows.*

1ST SOLD.

Eh, my pretty lass,
Canst give us wine and welcome?

2ND SOLD.

By the mass,
This is a wondrous maid . . .

[*He looks at her curiously and vacantly.*

1ST SOLD.

Why, what's amiss!
'Tis but a pretty lass! Give us a kiss,
My beauty!

[*Advances.* JOAN *shrinks further* L.

2ND SOLD.

Nay, hold back! [*He restrains* 1ST SOLD.

1ST SOLD.

Why, why! what's this?

2ND SOLD.

Do you not see . . . [*A pause.*

FATH.

Well, messers, where away?
You must forgive my little one.

1ST SOLD.

Nay, nay,
Such pretty faces need not be forgiven;
And she's a beauty, by my hope of heaven!

2ND SOLD. (*bitterly*).

Your hope of heaven !

1ST SOLD.

Aye, aye, my little man ;
'Twas hope I said, not faith !

FATH. (*advancing to table ;* JOAN *stays*).

Come, drink a can
Of wine before you go.—[*To* JOAN]—Here, my pretty,
Run in and make all ready for us three . . .
[JOAN, *avoiding soldiers, exit* (R.) *into house.*
The new red wine. Well, gentlemen, I see
You're off to wars ?
[1ST SOLD. *sits on table.* 2ND SOLD. *watches door.*

1ST SOLD.

Aye, aye, and presently
We'll sit us down in Orléans, and make sport
Like bears in a bear-pit !

FATH.

Aye ; and you'll have fought
These English ?

1ST SOLD.

Aye! and fight the hogs again
Till the cows come home.

FATH. (*delightedly*).

I said so. Hogs, not men!

1ST SOLD.

And you said well, old gammer. By my faith
I hate these swinish English worse than death!

FATH. (*grinning*).

Aye, let them have it, messer!

1ST SOLD.

By the mass,
We'll let them have it . . . Why, here comes the lass.
[*Enter* JOAN (R.).
Well, then, my pretty?

JOAN (*shrinking*).

'Tis all ready.

1ST SOLD. (*advancing hands*).

Here,
My beauty; come to me. Nay, have no fear!
Why! such a girl as you should not fear men!

2ND SOLD. (*suddenly*).

Hold off!

1ST SOLD.

Why, comrade!

2ND SOLD.

Hold! Hold off you, then!

1ST SOLD.

Nay; but I mean no harm! A lass like this
Should be with soldiers! Aye, a word or kiss
'Ud cheer them on—from lips like these. Here, maid,
Would you not love a camp?—[*contempt as* JOAN *shrinks*]
—The girl's afraid!

FATH. (*tolerantly*).

Nay, messer, nay: I'd sooner see her dead
Than in a camp!

1ST SOLD.

Bah! 'Twas as I've always said,
These rustic bumpkins have no spirit.

FATH. (*deprecatingly*).

Nay, nay!
Spirit enough! . . . Come, messers, what d'you say
To half a can of wine?

1ST SOLD.

I'll not say Nay
To wine or woman either.

[*Blows kiss to* JOAN. *Exit to house, followed by* FATHER, *and then by* 2ND SOLD., *who bows to her.*

FATH. (*within*).

Here, my lass!
Where's supper?

JOAN (*rapt again, in centre, terrified*).

King . . . the soldiers . . .

FATH. (*loudly within*).

By the mass!
Where's supper? [*Comes to door.*

JOAN (*starting*).

Supper!

FATH.

Aye!

JOAN.

'Tis there, within;
Set by the window. [*Pause.* FATHER *turns.*

FATH.

Aye; well, we'll begin. [*Exit.*

[JOAN *remains, rapt. Talking and laughter heard within. Music begins softly; she moves up and down. Lights lower. Suddenly Angelus rings.* JOAN, *kneeling to* L., *crosses herself as she comes to archway.*

JOAN (*on note*).

Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ. Et concepit de Spiritu Sancto.

Voices of Angels.

Ave, Maria, &c.

[*She looks up, bewildered. Then, as they finish,* MICHAEL, SS. MARGARET *and* CATHERINE *appear beyond arch* (L.). M. *standing, in armour with sword; the Virgins sitting.* JOAN, *as she sees them, sinks down, and remains a while motionless.*

JOAN (*suddenly and passionately, stretching out her arms*).

I cannot! oh! I cannot! . . . Michael, hear!
Prince Michael, Catherine, Margaret. Full of fear

oan: I dare not go!. I cannot fight or ride! What do I know of war... In the world wide there's none so little fit! Have pity then. For Jesu's sake!. Jesu!.. who died or men. Ah! pity me!

Am I, and but a maid! How can I go
With men like these? . . . Have pity! . . . No, no, no!
I dare not go! . . . I cannot fight or ride!
What do I know of war . . . In the world wide
There's none so little fit! . . . Have pity then . . .
For Jesu's sake! . . . Jesu! . . . who died for men . . .
I dare not go with these . . . Ah! pity me!
A little maiden! . . . Ah! for Charity.

[*She covers face with hands, weeping.*

MICH.

Jesu Himself goes with thee.

JOAN.

No, no, no!
Have pity, Michael . . . Ah! I dare not go.

MICH.

Be of good courage. Jesu bids thee go,
Jesu who bore for thee the bitt'rest woe
That ever suffered mortal.

JOAN (*sinking down*).

No, no, no.
I dare not . . .

MICH.

Mary and the Virgin host
Go with thee. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
Encompass thee.

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JOAN.

No, no.

MICH.

Angels and men
Wait on thy word. Be of good courage, then,
Maid Joan.

JOAN.

I dare not.

MICH.

Watch thou, then, and pray;—
Watch lest the Foe should take thy crown away;
Pray that the cross be thine; that He who bore
The Cross for thee, may crown thee now and evermore.

[*He makes the sign of the Cross over her, slowly.* MARG. *and* CATH. *after him.* JOAN *lies face downwards motionless. Then the vision fades; it is a little*

darker. Loud laughter breaks from house. FATHER *comes out laughing, with two soldiers behind. Then, suddenly, dead silence.* 2ND SOLD. *falls on knees, slowly. Music ceases.*

FATH.

Why! my Joan! . . .

CURTAIN.

SCENE II

SCENE.—*A court in Orléans.* R. *and* L. *the guard-house; a plain stone building, each side with door and window. Archway centre; and back, a row of low battlements. Beyond, the evening sky. A table and two stools stand* (R.). *A pile of pikes rests in corner* (R.) *up. Discovered at table, with wine, the two soldiers. On the raised walk beyond archway a sentry with pike goes up and down slowly, with pauses.* 1ST SOLD. *sits with his legs stretched out as in boredom: the* 2ND *sits with his face in his hands. So they sit, while male voices sing a chorus within;* 1ST SOLD. *beats time with pot now and again. During scene occasional rumblings and cries and steps are heard in distance. Music ceases.*

1ST SOLD.

Hey ho! 'tis weary work on guard up here
While folks are fighting yonder. . . I do fear
A new assault was made to-night.—[*glances at* 2ND SOLD.]
—But there,

Folks tell a mort o' lies.—[*drinks*]—Ho! there within!
Pierre, Jeannot, Simon, Jean.—(3RD SOLD. *appears, chewing straw*)—What was the din
Down by the bridge an hour ago?

3RD SOLD. (*lazily*).

'Twas said
The Maid was out again.

[*He strolls up stage to sentry and talks, leaning on battlements.*

1ST SOLD.

Bah! By my head!
I'm sick o' the woman . . . Aye; 'twas just last year
We saw her first—down in the country there.
A silly maid enough . . . Remember, man? . . .
'Twas in the autumn all the talk began.

[2ND SOLD. *looks up, sighs, and drops head again.*

1ST SOLD. (*clapping him on back*).

Now, comrade, what's to do! . . . Thy face all day
S'enough to fright the English . . . Eh? man, eh?

2ND SOLD. (*heavily*).

The Maid! The Maid's in peril.

1ST SOLD.

By my staff!
(For that's allowed!) 'Twould make a cat to laugh.
You and your Maid!—a peaky, piny maid,
As white as milk, as cold as ice; afraid

[*Exit* 3RD SOLDIER *strolling up* R.

SENTRY *resumes walk.*

Of good red blood and good red wine. They say
She weeps to see men die, or drink, or play.
She's all for mass and shriving—prays all day,
At dawn and noon and night. The folks out there
Are sick of Joan, they say: for everywhere
She prays and weeps; and 'twere not for the King,
And half-a-dozen nobles too, they'd fling
Joan from the camp; or send her home again.
A good sound whipping——

2ND SOLD. (*angrily*).

Silence!

1ST SOLD. (*expostulating*).

Why, 'tis plain
The maid is mad with prayer and foolishness!
What has she done? Aye, tell me that! Confess
It's nought but folly. Here she's sat her down
By Orléans; all, she says, to take the town—

"The greatest deed that ever"—so say some—
"The greatest deed e'er done in Christendom!"
Three times she summoned them to yield; and they
Laughed in her face—these English—bade her pray
Her prayers again—aye, mocked her to her face,
Flung her foul names; and she—wept! The disgrace
Of good plain speaking cut her! Aye, 'tis true
These English know at least a word or two
To fling at silly hussies. What say you,
You love-sick, pious zany?

2ND SOLD. (*furiously*).
By the mass! . . .

1ST SOLD.
Ah ha, my friend, what's that? What would the lass
Say to a good round oath? It warms the heart
To hear a good round oath . . . How was it then,
"By . . ."

2ND SOLD. (*furiously*).
Silence! I'll not hear. The Maid—

1ST SOLD.
Again
The Maid! The Maid! I'm sick of her. Why, man,
Pluck up thy spirit! Since the siege began
She has done naught but brag, and you to moan.
How ran her talk?

2ND SOLD.

Let you the maid alone!
Darling of God she is! And you not fit
To name her name . . . I'll have no more of it!

1ST SOLD. (*suddenly angry*).

You'll have no more of it!

[*Starts up.*

Now by our Lord!
I'll have no more of it! Make good your word.

[*Draws sword.*

2ND SOLD.

So be it! [*They engage. Footsteps. Trumpet.*

SENTRY (*over wall*).

Halt! Who goes there? [*They drop swords an instant.*

2ND SOLD.

I'll not wait
For any man. 'Tis but a troop.

1ST SOLD. (*with sword dropped*).

Why, mate,
You're keen to shed French blood!

SENTRY.

Halt! Who goes there?

[*The two run up and look over.*

VOICES.

Friends, friends.

SENTRY.

Pass, friends; all's well.

1ST SOLD.

Why, everywhere
They come. What's forward? . . . And we linger
here—[*he returns to stage and walks about impatiently*]
On guard. [*Enter* PRIEST (L.).
Good-day, good father. What's to tell?

PRIEST (*passing up quickly*).

They make assault yonder, on Les Tourelles.
The Maid, they say, is with them.

[*He reaches battlements. Sounds begin. Trumpets; footsteps; rumours.*

1ST SOLD.

Maid again!
I'm sick to death of her.

[*Enter* CAPTAIN *from guard-room* (L.), *buckling on sword.*

CAPT.

How now, my men? [*They salute together.*
What's forward?

1ST SOLD.

Troops, sir; gone to Les Tourelles.
[CAPT. *goes up to battlements. Henceforth all on batt. stand looking out attentively* (L.) *up.*
[*Enter* CITIZEN (L.), *bustling, with stick.*

CIT.

I never saw such tumult! Well, well, well!

1ST SOLD. (*catching him*).

Here now, good burgher, tell us: what's the stir
Down yonder? What's the tale?

CIT. (*struggling*).

Let me go, sir!
'Tis an assault. They say the Maid is there.

1ST SOLD.

Maid! Get you gone—
[CIT. *hurries up; movement in figures; pause.*
Why, Orléans everywhere
Seems all maid-mad!

PRIEST (*suddenly, excitedly*).

See . . . see ; it's down, it's down !
The bridge . . . the bridge is down . . .

CAPT.

Why, all the town
Seems waking . . . What goes there ? . . .
[CIT. *comes down and begins to hurry about excitedly.*

PRIEST.

'Tis all afire . . .
There ! See French colours . . . See . . . [*crash*]—Saint
Laurence spire
Against the smoke !

CIT.

Now God be praised, I be
Too fat to fight . . . too fat by half.

PRIEST.

See, see
The English run . . . they run . . . The banner there . . .
" Jesus and Mary " . . . Sure the Maid—

CAPT.

I swear
It is the Maid ! Now by my staff—

PRIEST.

'Tis so!
They're over! See . . . I said so, long ago.
The Maid for France and King!

VOICES (*beyond battlements*).

The Maid! The Maid!
The Maid for France and King!

[*Enter crowd, running* (L.). *They disperse; most on to battlements; and exeunt unseen.* CIT. *goes up with them.* SOLDS. *run out of guard-room* (R.).

PRIEST.

See! all displayed
Her banner is! "Jesus and Mary." Aye,
Jesus and Mary guard her!—[*A confused sound of shouting.*]

CAPT.

Hear them cry!
What is't they shout?—[*Voices.*]—Aye, see! From end to end
The street is packed.

PRIEST.

They come this way! God send
They come this way!—[*Bells break out*]—Hark!
Hear the bells ring! See,
From every street they run.

CAPT. (*turning to* 1ST SOLD.)

Go: speedily!
And guard the gate. We'll have all Orléans here.
[*Exit* SOLD. L. CAPT. *turns again.*
We'll see the crowd down yonder. Never fear,
We'll see them, and the Maid too.

PRIEST.

See the press
Down by the water-gate. Hark! Hear them bless
The Maid. [*Voices crying; a long pause. Footsteps begin.*

CAPT.

I cannot see her.—[*pause; then excitedly*]—
There she rides!
La Hire is with her, and Dunois besides. . . .
That great white charger! See! She comes apace
With all the folks.

PRIEST.

God grant we see her face
As she goes by!

CAPT.

Why, see the wounded men!
One . . . two . . . Ah! but I saw her . . . Gone again
Behind the banners.

CIT.

God! A comely lass!
I see . . . I see her! . . .
[*Footsteps tramping past unseen.*

PRIEST.

See the archers pass;
They've done good work to-night.

CAPT.

Why, but the crowd
Is halted. [*Talking in crowd on battlements.*

PRIEST.

Who's that speaking?

CAPT. (*to crowd behind him*).

Not so loud
You fellows.

JOAN (*off*).

Bring them up the stairs this way,
I'll see them safe bestowed here.

CAPT. (*excitedly*).

By my fay!
She's off her horse.—[*waves*]—Stand back! stand back,
I say!
Room for the Maid!

PRIEST.

She's coming!

CAPT.

Steady there!
Steady!

PRIEST.

She's in! she's in!

CAPT. (*shouting*).

Pass on!—[*turns*]—I swear
We'll see her, father.—[*comes down to stage*]—Here,
men, clear the gate.—[*All come down but sentry*]—

Way for the Maid!—[*Confusion*]—Stand back, I say, and wait!

[*Confusion settles down. All group themselves, turning to door* L. *Noise of footsteps and murmuring of voices. After a pause enter* 1ST SOLD. (L.), *and stands back. Next comes a litter, carried by two; and then another; then* JOAN, *wounded in shoulder, and the crowd surges in behind her. Crowd disperses itself round stage, leaving clear space in the middle, up, rather to* L. *Litters are set down.* JOAN *follows litters; then faces round. She is in armour; pale; blood-stained scarf. Her banner has come in behind her.*

JOAN.

Set them down yonder. . . Where's a priest.

CAPT.

Good lack,
She's wounded in the shoulder.—[*Confusion near door* L.]
Keep the pack
From pressing in there.

JOAN.

Where's a priest, I say?

[*Sees* PRIEST, *who comes forward.*

Father, come down.

CAPT.

Here! Keep the crowd away,
I tell you!

JOAN.

Father; shrive them, ere they pass
To God and judgment.

CIT.

(There's a pious lass!)

JOAN (*to wounded men*).

And you, dear comrades, make your peace, and go
Before the God of battles.

CIT.

(I said so!
A pious lass! a pious lass!)

JOAN (*weeping*).

God keep
Your souls, brave men!

CIT.

Why! See, the maid doth weep
For sorrow!

Joan: And you, dear comrades, make your peace, and go before the God of battles—

JOAN.

Pray for me, when that you stand
And see our Lord and Mary, in the land
Of peace, where pain and sighing flee away,
Where darkness falls not on eternal day . . .
[*She kneels, lifts a blood-stained cloth, and kisses it.*
I kiss the blood of France.
[*The second man kisses her hand; she draws it away.*
Nay; 'tis for me
To kneel and kiss.
[*She kisses blood of second; then she stands, with pain.*
Farewell, in charity.
[*She turns away.* PRIEST *kneels by men.*

CAPT.

Lady, you're wounded! . . . Call a leech! . . . .

JOAN.

No, no;
'Tis nothing.

CAPT. (*coming to her*).

Aye, but 'tis! There's blood below
The shoulder. Let me bid a charm on it.

JOAN.

No, no; no charm, I say. It were not fit
For Christians. [*Bells begin again.*

CAPT.

Lady—

JOAN.

No; the bells bid pray
And render thanks to God for this His day
Of victory.—[*turns*]—Come, comrades, bid the way
Be cleared. Bring round the horses to the gate
[*Beckons to* R.
Beyond. We mount there . . . Swift, 'tis growing late,
And God not praised! [*She turns.*

VOICES.

The Maid for France! The Maid
For France and King!

JOAN.

Pass on! Too long delayed
[*Crowd begin to move* R. *Bells.*
Our thanks to God!

VOICES.

The Maid! Bring out the Maid!

[*Confused sound of footsteps and voices as crowd begins to move. Then, suddenly, a voice begins* Te Deum Laudamus; *others take it up*. . . .

CURTAIN.

Yes, yes! Home to Domrémy!... for the work is done my Voices bade me do!

SCENE III

SCENE.—*A side-chapel, looking on to high altár in Reims Cathedral. It is a plain chapel, with wide pointed window at back, curtained. There are two doors,* R. *and* L. *A draped altar stands* L. *A table in centre, with two stools; pen, ink, and paper. Before curtain goes up a peal of bells is heard ringing. These cease as curtain rises; but occasionally a single deep bell is heard—as of a funeral—during the scene. Red cloth is laid across, leading from door to door. A tall chair stands near table. Discovered* TWO SACRISTANS *in ecclesiastical dress; one in surplice, writing furiously at table.*

1ST SACR. (*after pause*).

There! all is ready.—[*Touches bell; pounce-box.*]

[*Enter* SECRETARY.

Take it to my lord—[*gives list*],
And ask his pleasure. Bring you back me word.

[*Exit* SEC.

I've set all down—each title, name, and seat
Of honour. And my lord will find complete
The rubrics notified.—[*rises*]—How now the crowd?

[*Looks through curtain, up* R.; *murmur of voices.*

2ND SACR. (*still writing*).

The nave was packed an hour ago.

1ST SACR. (*still looking*).

How loud
The murmur!—come to see the Maid . . . Why, there
De Rais himself—Gravile—and everywhere
The soldiers!

2ND SACR. (*finishing pen-pounce*).

There! 'tis finished.

[*Enter* SEC. *again.*

Here! 'tis done!
Take it.

[SEC. *takes it.*

SEC.

My lord comes presently. They have begun
To gather in the porch. The oils and crown
Are come at last . . . Yes, sir . . . [*Exit with lists.*

1ST SACR. (*still watching*).

Why, all the town,
And half all France besides, is gathered there.
[*Distant trumpets; off.*
Hark to the trumpets!

2ND SACR.

Sure, my lords are here!
They come this way—is't not so?

1ST SACR.

Aye; 'tis laid
With crimson carpets.

2ND SACR.

Brother.

1ST SACR. (*turning*).

Well?

2ND SACR.

The Maid—
What think you of her?—[*First shrugs his shoulders*]—
Witch or saint?

1ST SACR.

Nay, nay ;
I know not. Nay. I know not . . .

2ND SACR.

Or as some say,
But just a silly maid ?

1ST SACR.

I know not.

2ND SACR.

Well,
I know no better yet. Sure time will tell.
We'll know it presently. Sometimes——

[*Breaks off.*

1ST SACR.

Well, say !

2ND SACR.

Sometimes it seems to me she's sprite or fay
Of air and water. Or a saint indeed,
Yet crowned before she's crossed.

1ST SACR.

The crown's not hers,
But Charles's.

2ND SACR.

Aye ; and yet the maid prefers
His to her own. She's set her heart on this—
To see Charles crowned . . . 'tis height of all her bliss !
First Orléans, and now Reims—her cup is filled.

1ST SACR.

Let her take care then, lest the cup be spilled
Before she's drained it ! (*Trump.*) Hark, my lords are here !

[*Enter* SEC. *in haste.*

Well, do they come ?

SEC.

Aye, sir ; my lord is there,
He and the Maid together.

2ND SACR.

Set a chair
There for my lord : he'll rest awhile, he said,
Till the King comes.

[*They set chair* R. *of table ; bustle about. Trumpets.*

There ; hearken ! By my head,
The King is come already !

SEC.

Nay, they bear
Th' oils to the altar.

1ST SACR.

Swiftly—set the chair!

[*The door* L. *is flung open; a soldier enters, stands back and salutes. Enter the* ARCHBISHOP OF REIMS, *followed after pause by* JOAN, *in armour, bareheaded, downcast. A servant or two follow; go forward by chair. The* ARCHBISHOP *is in purple and rochet. He sits. Servants withdraw to door; bow, exeunt.* SACRISTANS *and* SECRETARY, *who have bowed and assisted, bow again, and withdraw to window at back.* JOAN *stands, timid, to* L. *of table.*

ARCHBP.

Nay, then, my child, what is it?

JOAN (*passionately*).

Let me go!
Ah! let me go when all is done!

ARCHBP. (*smiling*).

Why, no!
France needs her Maid.

JOAN.

My lord—

ARCHBP.

And on this day
Of all days! Bid this foolish fear away!

JOAN.

My lord! my lord! Such happiness is mine
I scarce know how to speak! For Love Divine
Hath sealed Love's messengers . . .

[*She advances a little.*

ARCHBP.

'Tis foolishness,
Dear child! You'd leave us! Leave us now!

[JOAN *throws herself on knees.*

JOAN.

Yes, yes!
Home to Domrémy! . . . for the work is done
My Voices bade me do!

ARCHBP.

'Tis scarce begun,
My child; a thousand victories are these
Which wait you yet. Nay, nay—such victories—

JOAN (*weeping*).

Oh! let me go! . . . My Father——
[*Knocking at door* (L.). SEC. *springs to door.*

SEC.

Who is there? . . .
What? . . . [*Talks through door.*

ARCHBP.

Who is there?

SEC. (*advancing*).

My lord, there's waiting here
An old man from Domrémy——

JOAN (*springing up*).

Ah! 'tis he!

SEC.

He says——

JOAN.

Ah! let him come—for charity.

[SEC. *bows; goes to door, opens.* *Enter* FATHER.

Father!

FATH.

My Joan!

[*They embrace.*

ARCHBP.

Why, who is this?

JOAN.

My lord,

It is my father—come upon the word!

[FATHER *looks dazed, then pulls forelock; comes forward and kisses ring clumsily.*

ARCHBP.

Stand up, good man . . . And so the maiden Joan
'S your daughter?

FATH.

Aye, sir. Come up all alone
With these here soldiers.

ARCHBP.

Well arrived, good man!
Your daughter's won a crown since she began
A soldier's life herself.

FATH.

Is't true?

ARCHBP.

Aye, true
Enough. The King is crowned and reigns anew
To-day, all through your daughter.

FATH.

Well, my lord,
I'm moithered! Scarce could I believe the word
They brought me in Domrémy . . . And 'tis true
In very truth? . . . Well done, child!—

JOAN (*passionately*).

Take me too
When you go home! . . . My lord, I told you so;
I told you God had used me . . . Let me go
In peace, now all is finished!

ARCHBP. (*soothingly*).

No, my maid,
It cannot be. You must not be afraid
O' the world you've conquered!

JOAN.

Sir; that is my dread,
Lest that that very world that's conquerèd
Should conquer me in turn . . . Sir; let me go! [*Kneels.*

ARCHBP. (*smiling*).

Well then, what says the father? . . . Is it so—
Your maid returns with you?

FATH.

Why no, why no!
If that she's won a crown—enjoy it then.
[JOAN *rises, despairing.*

ARCHBP.

There, Joan! be patient and content again.
[*A knock.* SEC. *goes to door.*

SEC.

Who comes?

VOICE.

My lord of Beauvais.

[*Door opens ; enter* SOLD.—*salutes. Enter* BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS. *Exit* SOLD. ; *door closes.*

BEAUV. (*entering*).

Now, now, now !
What's the delay ? I trust you will allow
My lord of Beauvais passage . . . Ah ! my lord, [*Bows.*
Pray, pardon me . . . A fellow with a sword
Would bar my entrance ! . . . Ah ! here's little Joan.
Madam, I greet you !
[*Bows ironically.*

ARCHBP.

Leave the maid alone,
My lord ; she's weary.

BEAUV.

Aye, weary indeed,
No doubt, with all her labours and her speed
To victory ! . . . And this man—Pray, who is he ?
[*Looks proudly at* JOAN'S *father.*
That he should take precedence ev'n of me ?
Some noble in disguise, no doubt ! [*Trumpet.*

ARCHBP. (*rising*).

Nay, nay,
'Tis but her father . . . Come, my lord, away
To meet His Grace! 'Tis time.

BEAUV. (*ironically*).

So this is he
That fathered Joan in youth and infancy,
And heard the Voices too, no doubt!

FATH. (*very much confused*).

Why no,
My Grace . . . your lordship . . . sir . . . it was not so,
I never heard the Voices.

BEAUV. (*astonished*).

Nor the saints—
You never saw them! Those, whose sad complaints
To Joan your daughter, called her from the plough—

FATH.

She never ploughed, my lord, nor sowed—

BEAUV.

Now, now,
I scarce believe that . . . If 'twas not so, how
Could she so beat her ploughshare to a sword,
As Saint Isaias saith in God's own word?

Or is it t'other way? . . . Well, sir, your hand . . .

[*Clasps his hand into* FATHER'S.

Joan's father! . . . Hail, sir, hail! . . . I understand
Whence comes her wit!—[*bows low*].

[*Bows to* ARCHBP. *and* JOAN, *and sails out* (R.).

JOAN (*terrified*).

My lord! see how he smiled.
Did you not see him look at me?

ARCHBP.

My child,
You must be braver . . . Come, the tucket's blown,
The King is coming—[*turns to door*]—Follow on, maid Joan.

JOAN (*snatching at him*).

My lord!

ARCHBP.

There, there!

[*Turns and exit.*

JOAN (*frantically*).

Father, your blessing then!

FATH.

God bless thee, Joan. God bless thee, once again.

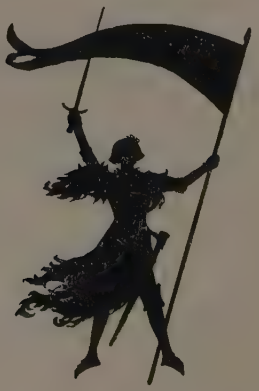
CURTAIN.

Veni Creator Spiritus...

TABLEAU.

Curtain rises on the same scene. But the curtain over window is drawn back, and slightly L. *stands the Front of High Altar, lighted with candles. In centre stands* JOAN, *motionless, bareheaded, banner in hand.* R. *Kneels the King, in purple and ermine, bareheaded. Nobles stand beyond, heads bent.* ARCHBISHOP, *in cope and mitre, bends over the King, pouring oil on his head. Then, after pause, he turns and takes crown from cushion held by a prince, and very slowly crowns the King.* [Veni Creator *music.*]

During this JOAN'S *father stands in chapel, staring, motionless, and* SECRETARY *kneels beside him. Music continues all through, ending with trumpets. As crown comes on head of King, curtain comes slowly down.*



n:. How have I harmed you? Tell me, if 'tis so that I have harmed you.

SCENE IV

SCENE.—*A perfectly bare room in prison at Rouen.* R. *and* L. *doors. Archway at back filled with barred and closed doors. A table in centre with tall chair behind it; ink, pens and paper on it. Discovered the* BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS, *leaning back in chair.* PRIEST (*of Orléans*) *standing* L. *of table. A soldier keeps door* L.

BEAUV.

Now, now, good father, what's all this I hear?

PRIEST.

My lord——

BEAUV.

Now, now, 'tis for my private ear
Alone—and mark you that! . . . If blabbed aloud
'Twould hinder justice—mark you that!—The crowd
Is torn in parties.

PRIEST.

Yes, my lord, yet I
Am come to give my witness—

BEAUV.

Why, why, why
'Tis all too late for that.

PRIEST (*starting*).

Too late!

BEAUV.

Too late.
'Tis sad enough. But, father—ah! the weight
Of witness!—ah! too sad! too sad to tell!
I fear the Maid is but a child of hell,
Spawn of the devil's brood, adulteress,
Apostate, heretic, idolatress—
'Tis all writ out by now.

PRIEST.

Too late!

BEAUV.

Too late!
'Tis all arranged, good father. If you wait
An hour or two, you'll see the end of all
The folly and the sinnings.—'Twould appal
[*Shaking head.*
You, father, if you knew all that I knew
Of Joan.

PRIEST (*indignant*).

It's false! It's false. It is not true
This tale of her.

BEAUV.

It's true enough, in faith,
To burn her! God forgive her! Such a death
Perhaps may touch her.

PRIEST.

What! She burns!

BEAUV.

To-day
She burns. The scaffold stands beside the way
You came. Did you not see it?

PRIEST.

Ah! 'twas there;
But yet I hoped.

BEAUV.

Ah! Hope, Faith, Charity—
These be the godly virtues. And, d'you see,
'Twas these she outraged. All is set out fair
In writing, from her very lips; she's turned
And twisted long enough . . . 'tis time she burned.
Look you! She wore men's dress; plotted; denied
She plotted; wept; adjured; recanted; cried
On Jesu; said the saints had bid her so.
Ah! me! the blasphemy! So let her go,
Poor sinning soul, to Him she grieved so sore.

PRIEST.

And is she shriven?

BEAUV.

Why, yes; an hour or more
A priest was with her.

PRIEST.

Aye . . . And does she know
She burns to-day? And what says she?

BEAUV.

Why, no,
She knows not yet.

PRIEST (*furiously*).

Ah! traitorous and untrue
Be these her judges! . . . What of her appeal
T' our lord the Pope?

BEAUV.

Ah! sir; you do not feel,
As we, the insult to His Holiness,
That she should dare to cry to Him!

PRIEST.

Why, yes;
That Truth and Justice are no more with those
Who speak for Him . . . that Joan, with all her woes,
Is silenced and held back! . . . Where is she then?

BEAUV.

Speak softly, father . . . . She is down again
In her old prison. [*Jerks head backwards.*

PRIEST.

Ah! [*Enter* SECRETARY (L.).

SEC. (*bowing*).

My lord, they're here.
[*Retires to door* (L.).

BEAUV. (*rising*).

Then pardon me, good father; but I dare
Delay no longer. And, your kindly heart—
God comfort it! . . . Pray for me! . . . For my part
I go with tears to do my task . . . Farewell.
[PRIEST *looks at him; then abruptly exit* (L.).
Enter LADVENU (*secular*) *and a* DOMINICAN; *they bow to* BEAUV.

BEAUV.

And now, good masters, this poor child of hell
Must know her fate. I'll stay without, and see
How the apostate takes your charity.
Open, you fellow. [*Beckons to* SOLD.

LADV.

And the priest we saw,
My lord?

BEAUV. (*restraining* SOLD.).

Some fool, come here to set the Law
At naught, and plead for Joan, it seemed. But there!
Enough! Set wide the door. I'll hearken here.

[SOLD. *advances with* SEC. BEAUV. *moves chair to corner* (R.) *back, and sits. Doors are opened wide. The two priests remain motionless.*

[*Within centre, but a little* L., *is a plank bed.* JOAN *lies on it, chained, in woman's dress of white, face down. Two soldiers—one sitting, one standing—are laughing loud as the door opens.* 1ST SOLD. *is* "1ST SOLD." *of Scenes I. and II.*

1ST SOLD.

Ah ha! Your saints and you! . . . What saints are those
Who leave you thus? . . .—[*sees priests; stands*]—Your pardon, masters!

LADV.

Close
The outer doors and leave us.

[*Exeunt soldiers and* 3RD SOLD. *There remain* BEAUV. *and* SECRETARY. *Through this* BEAUV. *shows amusement and pleasure.* LADV. *advances to door;* DOMIN. *remains in background.*

Joan; look up . . .
Ah! Joan, be patient. Such a bitter cup
As this our Saviour drained!

[JOAN *lifts head, looks wildly; then begins moaning.*

JOAN.

Ah! let me go!
How have I harmed you? . . . Tell me, if 'tis so
That I have harmed you.

LADV. (*gravely*).

Joan; we bring release—
A swift release from all your miseries.

JOAN (*amazed*).

You come to let me go!

LADV.

Aye, Joan, but yet——

JOAN (*half rising*).

You come to let me go! You come to let
Me go!

LADV.

Ah! Joan . . .

DOMIN. (*suddenly*).

Ah! tell her, for God's sake!
And tell her quickly!

JOAN.

Then you come to break
These chains, and let me go!

LADV.

Ah! Joan; before
Your freedom comes there yet is one more door
Of pain to pass.

JOAN.

Of pain! Of pain yet more!
What mean you?

DOMIN. (*hoarsely*).

Let me tell her! Joan, you die . . .
That is your road to peace!

JOAN (*hushed voice; bewildered*).

What mean you? I
To die! to die! . . . Oh! no! That cannot be!
I am not fit to die!

[LADV. *makes movement.* DOMIN. *restrains him.*

DOMIN.

For charity
Give over! Let me tell her . . . Joan! be still!
Be still and patient!

JOAN.

Oh! you could not kill
A child like me! Ah! I'm not fit to die!

[*Her voice rises.*

It is not true! . . . Else you could not deny
The body of my Lord! No sacrament,
No mass, no prayer . . . since on the day I went
First to my prison . . . No, no . . .

DOMIN.

He comes even now—

JOAN.

Ev'n now! Why, what's to-day? . . .

LADY.

You broke the vow
To wear a woman's dress. He's on his way . . .
Joan! Courage! patience . . . Joan, you die to-day.

[*She looks at him; then she shrinks back, hiding her face as before.*

[BEAUV. *advances; he clears his throat pompously.*

BEAUV.

Well now, my little Joan; these holy men
Have told you kindly. And I come again,
Exhorting you to sorrow . . . Look up, Joan,
And speak to me.

DOMIN.

Ah! let the child alone
With sorrow and our Lord!

BEAUV. (*haughtily*).

Sir! Do your part,

[*Knock* L. SECRETARY *goes to door and confers there.*

And I'll do mine.

DOMIN.

My lord, have you no heart
For misery like this?

BEAUV.

Sir! . . .

DOMIN.

Leave the Maid
To sorrow and her saints . . . The child's afraid . . .
Afraid to death! Leave her; perchance—

SEC.

My lord,
The priest is coming, as you gave me word.

[*Returns to door.*

BEAUV.

We'll leave her then. Come, fathers, come away!
And you, dear child, walk while you have the day,
Lest when the night come, blinded and alone——

DOMIN.

Leave her in peace!

[*He beckons the other two to door* L., *and himself turns as they go out.*

God bless thee, little Joan!

[*Exit.*

[*There is a silence. Then, softly, begins angel music.* JOAN *hears it, lifts face, turns. A ray of light falls on her. She begins to stretch out her arms; face transfigured. Then music changes into* Pange lingua; *and as enter two acolyths* (L.) *with tapers, she rises, kneels, and bows herself down.*

CURTAIN.

Joan: Mary, pray! Jesu and Mary, pity!

SCENE V

Scene.—*Market-place at Rouen. Through centre arch the stake and faggots; soldier by it.* R. *a low platform with seats.* R. *up a pulpit.* L. *another platform.* Beauvais *and ecclesiastics, and* Bailiff, Ladvenu, Dominican, *and others all on platform.* Joan (R.) *on platform, in white, with mitre inscribed* Heretic, Relapsed, Apostate, Idolater. *A placard exhibited below. She is guarded by soldiers. A crowd stand against walls, and are seen through archway. As curtain rises*

the PREACHER *in pulpit by* JOAN *is seen declaiming. He holds a crucifix in his left hand.* JOAN *is motionless, pale, with closed eyes, head sunk.*

PREACH.

So then, good people, as you've heard to-day,
Crimes such as these deserve no pity. Nay,
But barest justice. Aye, and that they'll win
As soon as maybe. Such a tale of sin
I dare not tell at length. But there they're writ
[*Beckons to placard.*
For all to read. But, ah! the shame of it!
"For, if one member suffer"—as Saint Paul
Tells us—"do suffer also members all"
That are one body with it. And 'tis she—[*turns to* JOAN].
The mystic Bride, that turns at last to thee,
Her patience at an end, to bid thee cease
To count thyself her child . . . So, go in peace!
[JOAN *looks at him fixedly.*
Then, Maid, if maid thou be—ah? turn before
Man's justice speed thee hence! Lament, deplore,
[*She drops her face again.*
Bemoan with bitter tears that life of sin!
Turn and repent—maybe by grace to win
That pardon that saint Dismas won. Begin

Even now sweet penance . . . God desireth not
The death of any man——

JOAN (*suddenly*).

Ah !—

PREACH.

Every blot
By blood of Christ is done away. Turn then
[*Holds up crucifix.*
To Him who died for thee, and for all men.
Look on Him well.

JOAN (*softly*).

Jesu, have pity !

PREACH.

Yea !
Jesu, have pity on her—

JOAN.

Mary, pray !
Jesu and Mary, pity !

1ST SOLD.

Finish, man !

ANOTHER.

Make speed! 'tis half-an-hour since you began,
And we no nearer dinner! [*Laughter.*

1ST SOLD.

Aye, in sooth
We want our dinners.

ANOTHER.

Aye, he speaks the truth;
Make haste, sir preacher!

PREACH. (*sternly*).

I have done. 'Tis said . . .
So Jesu, pity her! . . . O Judge most dread,
Judge her in justice and in mercy—

BEAUV. (*standing*).

Aye,
Enough is said. Justice and charity
Walk ever hand in hand.

1ST SOLD.

Now then, now then,
No further sermon! [*Tumult begins.*

CAPT.

Silence there, you men,
Silence! And let his lordship read . . .

[*Tumult goes on gently.*

BEAUV. (*hastily reading*).

In the name of God. Amen.

[*Noise bursts out louder . . . Movement as* CAPT. *and* SOLDS. *attempt to quiet it, calling out silence. As tumult dies away,* BEAUV. *is still heard reading.*

So for these causes here narrated, we
Declare thee excommunicate; decree
Thee a corrupted member, separate
From Peace and Unity, and, reprobate,
We leave, renounce thee and abandon thee
Henceforth to secular authority.

[*He sits; tumult begins.* BAILIFF *stands up.*

BAILIFF (*shouting*).

So, soldiers, do your work . . .

[SOLDIERS *advance.* JOAN *looks up, terrified.*

JOAN.

Ah! pity!

BEAUV. (*he stands*).

Aye!
True pity!

JOAN.

Ah! one word in charity!
Let me but speak one word.

BEAUV. (*sitting*).

Well?

JOAN (*struggling to speak; then resolutely*).

Then I cry
To Heaven, since no compassion is on earth.
[*She stretches chained hands.*
O Mary! By the Angel and the Birth
That gladdened thee! . . . O Gabriel, Prince of God!
Michael, and all high angels! . . . Saints who trod
My way of sorrows! Catherine, Margaret!
O saints—my saints—look down on me, nor let
The Fiend assault my soul in my last hour!
And Thou, Great Trinity of Love and Power,
Have mercy!—[*suddenly falters*]—Ah! I know not how
to pray
Aright . . . My brain's on fire already . . .
[*Clutches head.*

1ST SOLD.

Say
A Paternoster and have done.

VOICES.

Shame! shame!

A VOICE.

Let the maid pray!

JOAN (*shrieking*).

I fear . . . I fear the flame
[*Stares at stake.*
And agony . . .

A VOICE.

Poor child! poor child!

JOAN (*more quietly*).

And you,
Who look on me, my friends, have pity too
And say a prayer for me . . . I yielded . . . yea
I yielded in my fear, and said that they—
My Voices—had deceived me. Now I say
That I repent . . . abhor me . . . that I said
Such things . . .

VOICES.

Away with her!

JOAN.

When I am dead
Oh, think no more of it! . . . Forgive me all
I've done amiss.

1ST SOLD.

Now then, have done!

JOAN.

I call
All priests who look on me, to say one mass
For my poor soul—for pity's sake. [*Begins to falter again.*

A VOICE.

Poor lass!

JOAN.

I know not what I say . . . I . . .

1ST SOLD.

There! have done;
We'll never dine to-day! [*Clamour of voices.*

ANOTHER VOICE.

Aye, aye—the sun
'S at noon already.

JOAN.

One word more . . .

BAILIFF (*rising*).

Nay, nay,
Enough is said . . . Away with her . . . away!

[*A bell begins to toll as crowd sways, and soldiers force their way through to* JOAN. *Then, out of sight, men's voices begin the* Dies Iræ, *and continues while* JOAN *is taken down from scaffold, passes across stage among soldiers, and round up to stake. She climbs with help of a soldier to stake, and is chained there, slowly. The crowd re-forms, showing her in centre. Meanwhile ecclesiastics talk;* BEAUV. *laughs. As* JOAN *stands with back to stake, she speaks through music.*

JOAN.

Saint Michael, pray for me . . . Saint Catherine, pray for me . . . Saint Margaret, pray for me!

[*As soldiers step down and leave her.*

Joan: My Voices! My Voices!.. They have not deceived me!.. JESU!

A cross for Jesu's sake! [Dies Iræ *stops.*

[*A soldier hoists up stick from faggot and gives it. She kisses it, and puts it in bosom.*

JOAN.

Ah! Let me see

Another . . . Bring me, in my agony . . .

[*Turns to* DOMIN., *who leaps from platform.*

Father . . . for Jesu's sake . . . for charity . . .

[*Exit* DOMIN. (L.), *and returns with crucifix. He comes to front of pyre* (R.), *and holds it near her.* BAILIFF *makes sign with hand and head. A soldier with torch applies it . . . Smoke begins to rise . . . Simultaneously drums and* Dies Iræ *begin again . . . There is a pause. Then* JOAN *looks away from crucifix, up and out. Her face, up to now distorted with fear, changes. All are looking at her.*

JOAN.

My Voices! My Voices! . . . They have not deceived me!

[*A soldier falls on his knees . . . A pause; smoke rises steadily.* JOAN *looks higher, and smiles. Another soldier kneels.*

JOAN.

Jesu ! [*Her head sinks slowly.*

CURTAIN.

TABLEAU.

Curtain draws up. Three soldiers and two women are kneeling, looking up at JOAN. *Her mitre is gone. She is hanging by elbows.* BEAUVAIS *has risen and is staring at her. The* DOMINICAN *is kneeling ; his head bowed.* LADVENU *has his face hidden in his hands. A ray of light shines straight on* JOAN. *During the tableau, very slowly and softly, is sung the Angels' Ave Maria.*

Curtain comes down very slowly.

Printed by Ballantyne, Hanson & Co.
Edinburgh & London

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